



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 18. No. 10. December, 1945.



CHRISTMAS ISSUE

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB



SUMMER MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

DECEMBER 22nd and 26th, 1945

PRINCIPAL EVENTS :

FIRST DAY : SATURDAY, 22nd DECEMBER

THE VILLIERS STAKES £1,500 added
One Mile.

THE GIMCRACK STAKES £1,300 added
(For Two-Year-Old Fillies)
Five Furlongs.

SECOND DAY : (Boxing Day), Wed., 26th Dec.

THE SUMMER CUP £2,000 added
One Mile and Five Furlongs.

THE DECEMBER STAKES £1,500 added
(For Two-Year-Olds)
Five Furlongs.

Admission tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the days of the races at the Hotel Australia, Castlereagh Street.

6 Bligh, Street,
SYDNEY.

GEO. T. ROWE,
Secretary.



Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY



Chairman :
W. W. HILL.



Treasurer :
S. E. CHATTERTON.



Committee :
F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
G. J. C. MOORE
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary :
T. T. MANNING.

THIS is the first Christmas in six seasons that we may celebrate in the absence of casualty lists and with many families re-united; but, as for peace, it is the most unpeaceful set-up outside a bear pit in which the animals have turned on their keepers.

Looked at from any direction, the situation is disquieting. Wild whooping won't work enchantment, just like taking a few whiskies to falsify a fact for the time being.

Still, we have much to be thankful for—deliverance from a threatened bondage, retention of our way of life, and the continuing strength of the Anglo-American alliance. Such benefactions may be lost only by our own foolhardiness and frailty. It is up to us to decide by what measures they may be retained and broadened.

Mere scratching on a parchment proclaimed peace, but did not guarantee an ordered universe. The boat is being rocked violently at the moment by those who were previously the happiest of shipmates. More's the pity, but there it is, the spectre at our Christmas feast.

What all this implies for us, our happiness and our standards of life, should be apparent. Therefore, in this club "Service" must remain our watchword; and let that be the further test of the spirit which endured here in the darkest hour.

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

DECEMBER.

2nd E. C. Murray	20th E. W. King
7th F. Z. Eager	24th A. D. Swan
8th N. G. Morris	25th W. Sherman
10th A. J. McDowell	26th Jack Blume
F. J. Shephard	28th M. Gearin,
12th W. Gourley	Dr. A. S. Read-
13th Eric S. Pratt	ing
17th E. O. Crowhurst	29th E. J. Hazell
19th John T. Jennings	30th C. S. Brice

JANUARY.

1st P. Kearns	21st C. F. Viner-
6th V. J. Hutchins	Hall
7th J. L. Geraghty	22nd J. Hunter
8th F. G. Spurway	23rd A. K. Quist
9th R. A. Sharpe	26th A. C. Ingham
10th J. A. Chew	27th N. Stirling
11th Col. T. L. F. Rutledge	H. T. Matthews
14th W. C. Wurth	28th Leon Vanden-
16th A. C. W. Hill	berg
17th G. V. Dun-	29th G. R. W. Mc-
woodie	Donald
20th W. T. Ridge	30th R. H. Alderson
C. V. Dunlop	

The ballot for the election of a member to fill the casual vacancy on the Committee caused by the death of Mr. John H. O'Dea resulted:—

Bray, P. J.	128 votes
Carberry, Frank	485 „
McDonald, W. A.	300 „
Paul, F. L.	180 „
Mr. Carberry was declared elected.	

This is the season when we sing about old acquaintance that should never be forgotten. The old acquaintance of the Australian Jockey Club and Tattersall's Club goes back to 1866; to be precise, January 1 of that year, when this club held its first race meeting at Randwick. The first Tattersall's Club Cup was run for at Randwick in 1868, and the first Carrington Stakes in 1886.

Thus, for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," we extend to Mr. George Main our best wishes and our congratulations on his meritorious service to the A.J.C. and to the sport of racing, on his retirement from the chairmanship. Additionally, from the personal standpoint, our appreciation is equally sincere and cordial. This is recorded in memory both of the dignity and the efficiency which distinguished his term in that high office, and of the happy relationship which, through the consideration and courtesy of Mr. Main, our good friend and club-member, always prevailed between the A.J.C. and Tattersall's Club.

New Year's Eve

DINNER DANCE

in

Dining Room

For Members and their Lady

Partners only.



Double Ticket: £2/2/-

(Includes Dinner and Supper)

Dancing from 8 p.m.

DRESS OPTIONAL.

Members not attending the Dance will be served with Dinner in the Second Floor Buffet, but the Committee wish it to be clearly understood that visitors will not be provided for.

Likewise, we extend sincerely to his successor in office, Mr. Alan G. Potter, and to the vice-chairman, Mr. Pat Osborne, our congratulations and assurance of co-operation in all matters designed to further the best interests of the grand sport of racing.

Mr. Potter became a member of the A.J.C. committee since the war. As a writer in the Press noted: "To become chairman after such a short period is somewhat of a record and a tribute to his executive ability."

Mr. Potter is part-owner with Mr. Keith Mackay—also a member of the A.J.C. committee—of Warspite, and, with Mr. G. F. Sayers, of The Tiger, both recent winners. We wish him more wins—further, we hope that we will be on Warspite and The Tiger on those occasions.

* * *

Racing, through its directors, contributed largely to the war effort during hostilities, and is continuing the good work in peace. No responsibility was evaded, and obligations were undertaken voluntarily. The record is there for everyone to examine. Acknowledgment has been made by high authorities who were thinking in terms of war effort, and with no particular concern at the time for the fortunes of the sport. The public also was impressed by the policy of the A.J.C. and kindred institutions, including Tattersall's Club.

All this provides the best argument against those who at this stage wish to hamper what may be reasonably claimed to be the timely and normal development of the sport. In the circumstances, these people are unlikely to succeed.

In most other sports brave enterprises are being planned—cricket Tests between England and Australia, tours by Union and League teams, not to forget bowls, tennis, golf and athletics. Why should racing be singled out for special criticism? * * *

Stanley Wootton, who came from England specially to see his father, the famous Dick Wootton, who is seriously ill, has renewed old friendships and made new ones in this club, of which he has been made an

honorary member. Dick Wootton's mare, Lady Marie, won twice at Randwick recently, and, as John Spencer Brunton used to say, "There's no tonic like a good win."

* * *

We regret to announce the deaths of Messrs. A. F. (Fred) Dent, on Nov. 20; Mr. Edgar Chisholm, on Nov. 17; and Mr. Harry McEvoy, on Nov. 14.

Mr. Dent was elected a member of this club on 4.5.31. He was the owner of Wangrawally Station, Walgett, and was 76 at the end. Mr. Chisholm, who was elected a member on 27.8.34, resided at Eathorpe, Armidale. Mr. Harry McEvoy, who became a member on 30.1.33, was a colourful turf figure. He paid 4500 guineas at the 1944 yearling sales for the Golden Sovereign—Feminist filly, Ann-Tien-Et, and at this year's sales he paid 5,250 guineas for the Ajax-Privet colt.

* * *

At this writing, popular Harry Tancred, Deputy-Chairman of Sydney Turf Club, is an inmate of Lewisham Private Hospital. Good news as to his condition greeted our inquiry.

* * *

The hardest race to pick to-day is the human race, which is running up lanes in pursuit of chimeras. Time and circumstance will fetch it back to the track; probably not for some time yet.

What is happening is no more—much is as is—than the rebound from war. History is repeating itself, as history has a habit of doing. When the war, meaning the actual fighting, had been finished in the main theatres, we wrote in a frontispiece a warning of the post-war war, much as it has developed. This month's frontispiece is another chapter in those terms.

* * *

The Club Man spoke recently with a distinguished visitor who had surveyed the ruins of civilisation in Europe. He said that the scenes were appalling in more than the material sense. In many of the ravaged countries humankind had sunk to a level that moved one to pity and, almost, to despair. Not only reconstruction, but regeneration, was imperative, he said, if the calamity was to be controlled. Great-

est problem, perhaps, was that the people had lost faith, and that was a stage worse than losing hope. What the war had wrought in six years would take another 10 years to repair, this visitor said. Australia's recovery would be affected by these external conditions.

* * *

Raw materials are the great need of the world to-day, but they will be in short supply for some time to come. Enterprises that look bold on paper will suffer considerable handicaps in application. These facts are shown, but they are not being paraded.

* * *

Because everybody and everything must now be retested and revaluated in atomic terms there will be new questions about the Sahara Desert. The head of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service has said that there is no available surplus of good farm land in the world as a whole, and if we let erosion have its way there will soon be a shortage of arable land. From other quarters we have been frequently warned against exaggerated notions about the "vast" reserves of crop land in the thinly-populated countries—Australia, Siberia, Brazil, Canada. But does it matter now, when a couple

of hogsheads of split atoms may be enough to irrigate all of the Sahara? The water will come from wells hundreds of miles deep if there is water at that level. If not, there is the salt water in all the seven seas. The problem of distillation becomes a trifle when the energy from a cupful of mercury may pull 125 loaded freight cars 45 times across the United States at 200 miles an hour. This leaves out of account the whole question of directly producing food by transmutation from the earth and the air.—N.Y. "Times."

* * *

I had the good fortune to attend the University-G.P.S. cricket match—real village green cricket in that atmosphere which so often is missing from the Test arena, but which imparts to cricket a charm of its own. Test cricket, as it was played here on the latest occasion—a test of patience and endurance for the spectators—must recapture that atmosphere if its appeal is to be regained. The game played for the game's sake is something that the administrators should deem worth striving for, and which they allowed to slip from their grasp as an ideal.

(Continued on Page 12.)



DANTE'S YEARLING BROTHER.

Sold to The Gaekwar of Baroda for 28,000 guineas.

1946 WILL BE GREATEST SPORTING YEAR IN OUR HISTORY

With 1945 fast fading away, it is appropriate we take a peep at 1946 and take stock of what is looming over the horizon in the sporting sphere.

By general consent of newspaper executives, it will be the greatest sporting year in history, and lavish preparations are being made to "cover" all activities.

In January, if all goes to schedule, we are to have a visit from an Indian Water Polo team and local water sport should receive a great fillip thereby.

Also, in January, we will have the Australian Services cricket team playing in Sydney.

The engagement with N.S. Wales will usher in the highest of first-class matches, and will supersede in importance the interstate matches against Queensland, Victoria and South Australia.

There is no competitive spirit in interstate games this season, but the homecoming of the Services men, after their tours of England and India, will give fans a line on our correct standard at the moment.

Later in the year, November to be exact, an English Test cricket team will invade our shores, and King Cricket will again become front-page news.

In April, an English Rugby League football team will visit us and play 18 matches here and in Queensland before moving to New Zealand.

Just one month before that an Australian cricket team will journey to New Zealand.

An English Soccer football team has been invited to Australia, and has accepted. Date of arrival has not yet been determined.

Frank Corry, manager of Sydney Sports Arena, reports he is sending two Australian pedal pushers abroad and has received assurances of two

or more champions of Europe in return.

Bill Shankland, ex-Rugby League international winger, now a top-line golf professional, is making a trip to Australia, and will bring probably, Bobby Locke with him. Negotiations are in hand to that end.

Should Locke not be available, it will be Myers or one of the others of high reputation.

Frank Arthur, of Speedway promotion fame, states he will be bringing a full team of cinder track experts from Europe. He explains that the Auto Cycle Union, embodying 28 nations, now pools all contestants, and they are engaged in "attractive lots" wherever required.

Tennis fans will have their Davis Cup contests, and high hopes are held for our ability to hold the treasured trophy.

John Bromwich, our ace player, is in better form now than ever before; Adrian Quist, despite a suspected "tennis elbow" is showing form comparable with his best, and newcomer Dinny Pails is threatening to remove the mantle from both if they are not 100 per cent. plus. He showed how against Bromwich in the recent State final, which he took in straight sets.

Thus far, only general sport has been touched upon, and then merely a scratching of the surface.

In every sphere activity is at fever pitch with Empire Games and Olympic Games organising going ahead at high pressure.

In turfdom there will be a revival of certain mid-week racing, and increased dates for trotting and dog meetings.

We will have State billiard and snooker title contests, and the re-introduction of the Australian Championships.

Athletic quarters are preparing for interstate galas, and the interstate rowing events will again come into being.

Taken by and large, a hectic time will be had by all!



GEO. ADAMS (TATTERSALL) and "WAR SERVICE FUNDS"

Geo. Adams' correspondents—through the WAR SERVICE FUNDS Plan operating since November, 1940—have contributed £127,000 for War Funds (Red Cross, Comforts, Distressed Diggers, etc.). In addition, GEO. ADAMS subsidises this by at least a pro rata contribution. Diggers, Sailors, Airmen and Nurses are thus supported by regular contributions.

The money is paid over on each drawing day to the Federal Executive, R.S.S.A.I.L.A., Melbourne, for distribution amongst all States and New Zealand. Here is a way in which all Service Men (old and new) and their families and friends can help and, at the same time, stand a chance of a big win.

THERE ARE 10,000 REASONS WHY !

Write for particulars to:

GEO. ADAMS (TATTERSALL), HOBART.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

A few years back, when world champion Walter Lindrum was giving daily exhibitions in a Sydney departmental store, he made an offer, as a novelty, to present a cue to the spectator who could set him the greatest poser in the way of a "safe" shot. He guaranteed to score from any position. He did, too—not always at the first attempt, though he was always close. There were certainly some posers of the outsize variety which caused the champion to remark that his audience must have sat up all night working them out.

The writer of this page is not so much concerned about Lindrum's posers as his own. Here is a "beauty" which came along some time back from Ken Slessor when that worthy was Australia's Official War Correspondent. No satisfactory solution has been arrived at yet. Can any member ease the situation?

Here is Slessor's letter as received:

"As an authority of the ancient game of snooker, you might be able to, answer this one:

"Should a large, fat, bloated blowfly alight on the object ball during the course of a game, is the striker entitled to remove the blowfly by hand before his shot?

"The blowfly, for purposes of argument, being heavy, is liable to affect the shot.

"The situation occurred here, and the blowfly was liquidated—but, I thought, as a nice point in billiard-table etiquette, I'd like to have your opinion.

"In golf, of course, you can remove mud on the green but **not** on the fairway. Is a billiard table a fairway or a green?

"The matter is very serious here, as the blowflies are getting larger and larger!"

Can any member help?

Fortunately, the war clouds having hovered by, the position is not now so serious. But it may crop up again in a variety of venues.

Amateurs Getting Busy.

Latest information is that the various State amateur organisations will conduct title tournaments in 1946.

Many consider it is a pity they were dropped through the war years when all proceeds could have been handed over to help one or other of the war efforts.

Professionals both here and in England, did a grand job and, between them, raised well over the £250,000 for the Red Cross, Comforts Fund and other organisations.

Present State billiard title holder is Les Manglesdorf, of Cronulla, who has had five years in khaki and claims his form is fast returning.

Manglesdorf is a grand sportsman, and can take a "licking" in best style.



R. "Bobby" Marshall, Australian and Empire Champion.

When he won the title in 1939 he was happy as an all-conquering king and, the following night, was called on to play Walter Lindrum in an exhibition game at Sutherland.

He got one hit, and made a 37-break. Lindrum then visited the table, and a halt was called at 1,392. Spectators wanted to see some trick shots and then get home before midnight!

Manglesdorf enjoyed the experience more than anyone. Said he had had the time of his life.

That game emphasised, once again, the vast difference in the standard of amateur and professional billiards. In no other sphere is the gap so wide.

The nearest thing we have approached to professional standard in

billiards is Bobby Marshall, of Perth, who holds the Australian and Empire titles.

Marshall has made 1,000 breaks in exhibition games, and several over 500 in matches. His photograph is reproduced on this page.

When the last Empire Billiards Championship was played for in Melbourne, an Englishman, Kingsley Kennerley, was considered, in turf parlance, to be home and hosed.

It was not to be. Marshall rose to the occasion and broke almost every record in the amateur curriculum, and averaged over 100 points per stick in sessions.

Kennerley, however, was very accomplished, and has since joined professional ranks, with every hope of reaching the top grade.

Marshall remains amateur, and appears to have a stranglehold on the title. He is a Walter Lindrum recruit, and was so keen to learn the game thoroughly that he transferred his address from Perth to Melbourne to receive lessons. He, over a period, lived with the Lindrum family, and had billiards for breakfast, dinner and tea!

That's the way champions are made.

Members will sit up and take notice when the N.S.W. title events are carried out.

One of our number W. ("Billy") Longworth, a former Olympian, is president of the State head body as well as being a title-holder.

We also have Hans Robertson, who is particularly gifted with cue in hand either at billiards or snooker.

There may be several others with ambitions. Our tables are kept busier than ever before. One or two are considered to harbour feelings of blissful anticipation with regard to highest honours, and, if they are successful, fellow members can be guaranteed to lead the applause.

In the meantime, this page extends Christmas greetings to all its readers, coupled with the hope that 1946 will bring Peace and Prosperity to us individually and our Empire.

THE INNS OF OLD ENGLAND

By Thomas Burke, extracted from "English Inns"—Collins

When the first English road was made the first English inn was born. The date of that event no man can name, but from that day to this the inn has been an essential factor of English life and a delightful feature of the English scene—as familiar to English eyes as the church, the castle and the cottage. It serves us all, whatever our rank, and at all times it has reflected our habits, our fashions in food and furniture, and the prosperity or agitations of our times. The story of any of our older inns is therefore an epitome of the story of ourselves; and an unbroken journal of the doings of an old inn from the day of its opening would give us a close history of its town and a fair social history of England.

The England that we cannot find in the Town Hall we can find in the inn. Not only did it afford shelter and entertainment to the traveller; it was a semi-official centre of its town. It was regularly used, and sometimes still is, as a Coroner's Court, as a Churchwardens' Court, as a Court for the election of borough officers, and even Quarter Sessions have been, as late as mid-Victorian times, held at the inn. The rate-books of many a town show that the Councillors preferred the local inn to the bleak Town Hall for their meetings, and that the debates were carried on as a literal symposium; three or four pounds for wine is a frequent entry. The election of borough officers was almost always held at the inn, and was always followed by a dinner debited against the town's rates. Distinguished visitors were entertained by the Mayor and Council at the local inn; election committees made it their headquarters; and the Mayor used it as a second Parlour for meeting indignant ratepayers.

Of our very earliest inns we know nothing. The story of those British, Roman and Saxon inns is buried with their fragments. Not until the fourteenth century do we begin to get, in picture and word, a stray glimpse or two of what the inn then was and the nature of its

life. Then we perceive, from the illuminations of the Luttrell Psalter and similar manuscripts of the time, and from Langland's "Vision Concerning Piers the Plowman," that the peculiar qualities which we find and enjoy in our inns of to-day were even at that time a part of the spirit and substance of the inn.

The English inn has developed from the style it first took; a replica of the English home of each period, charged with English traits and their attendant defects. In the centuries before the railway, every man who travelled twenty miles from his home had need of its services and amenities, and it was to the innkeeper's interest to provide these in as good measure as or better than those of the traveller's own house. Mostly he did, and that is why to-day the old inn is often the noblest building of its town or district, and, in many a town, the only feature worth travelling to see.

By their lifelong aim to keep up with the times, our old inns now afford examples of the architecture of many centuries. In them we see the ages pressing upon each other in the form of relics of the loving craft of the days when men were proud to use their hands—thirteenth-century stonework; a fourteenth-century king-post; a stately staircase or Tudor panelling; elaborate iron-work; carved ceilings; an Oriel window; a tompion clock; a decorated fireplace and overmantel; a musicians' gallery—as fine, in each example, as any to be found in the great private mansions. The mere exterior of some of them lends poetry to the street in which they stand. They shine like jewels of old wood or stone, sometimes set in a cluster of harmonious companions, sometimes solitary in a village, and sometimes given a setting of utilitarian shops and stores.

In their very signs our inns echo the events of our national story and make themselves part of the English pageant. All ranks of English life are celebrated, and many of our occupations, sports, legends and heroes. In the days when few

people could read, the sign was necessary to trade and shops proclaimed their business by a model of what they had to sell or by a picture of some associated crest or badge. The earliest taverns displayed the sign of the Bush (a bundle of boughs and leaves), a custom adopted from the Romans who used this sign for their "tabernae"; and the earliest inns displayed the sign of the reigning king or of the lord of their particular manor, or some figure from his heraldic shield.

Our mythology and folk-lore are recorded in the "George & Dragon," the "Griffin," the "Dick Whittington," the "King & Tinker," the "Robin Hood," the "Mother Red Cap," the "Miller of Mansfield," the "Mad Tom," the "Cat & Fiddle." Our sports are celebrated in the "Falcon," the "Sparrowhawk," the "Fox & Hounds," the "Talbot," the "Dog & Duck," the "Maypole," the "Pheasant," the "Compleat Angler," the "Cricketers."

DANDRUFF GOES!



After a few applications of McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . leaving the scalp clean and fresh. McMahon's is quickly effective for scurf, itching and dryness of the scalp and for falling hair. Good, too, for cradle-cap . . . because McMahon's may be used on the tenderest scalp. McMahon's Hair Restorer promotes growth, keeps the hair lustrous and soft.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

McMahon's
GUARANTEED

HAIR RESTORER

Our occupations are signified sometimes under their own names, as the "Weavers' Arms," the "Saddlers' Arms," and so on, and sometimes under the crests of their Guilds; the "Dolphin"—the crest of the Watermen; the "Three Compasses"—Carpenters; the "Wheat-sheaf"—Bakers; the "Three Horse-shoes"—Farriers. In the past a particular inn would be chosen as the meeting-place of men of a particular occupation, and it would become the headquarters in each town of that occupation.

Our monarchs are celebrated in the the King's Arms, King's Head, Queen's Head, Crown and Sceptre, the Garter, the Royal Oak, the Three Crowns, the George, and the Albert. Army and Navy are celebrated in the Grenadier, the Golden Hind, the Blenheim, the Trafalgar, the Lord Nelson, the Hero of Waterloo, the Alma, the Rodney.

When, with the spread of learning, and the naming and numbering of streets, the sign was no longer necessary, it was generally discarded. The inn alone retained this form of identification.

The oldest of our still-existing inns are those which originally were Pilgrims' inns or Maisons Dieu. In the early days nobody travelled for pleasure or for the delight of looking upon rural scenery. Only serious temporal or spiritual business took them out. The great majority never left their home-town in a life-

time, and those of the ordinary people who did make a journey made only a rare pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint. The regular travellers—the chapmen, packhorse-men, messengers and vagrants—were served by the ale-stakes and the roadside inns. The pilgrims were served by hostels supported by the Church, where the very poor were given hospitality for two nights without charge. Those hostels mostly stood in the precincts of the abbey or cathedral, or just outside the gates of the town, where shelter of some sort was necessary, since at nightfall the gates were irrevocably shut till dawn.

The accommodation they offered was lenten in its simplicity. The floors were of stone or earth, strewn with rushes, and the bedroom was a room common to both sexes, fitted with a number of pallets. Even in the regular inns of the fourteenth century, where charges were made, the accommodation was not much better, and there was no fixed arrangement for meals. Whatever was needed was specially prepared and cooked. Each guest brought or purchased his own food and gave his own directions for its dressing. In the better inns of the larger towns the host sometimes kept a table, and guests had the choice of taking their meal with him or of ordering to their own fancy and dining in their own rooms. Chaucer, in the Prologue to the "Canter-

bury Tales" shows us a group of pilgrims supping at the host's table, and gives us a picture of the host which is a picture of any good inn-keeper of to-day.

The fifteenth century saw an increase of travel and an increase in the number and quality of inns. Some of the most gracious inns of to-day owe their graciousness to the portions that are of that period or earlier. Those of the sixteenth century showed still further improvements in their appointments and conduct. The only London example still to be seen of a galleried inn of this period is the "George," Southwark, founded 1554.

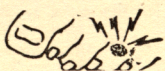
By the end of the sixteenth century, carpets had been introduced and the walls of the best rooms were hung with tapestry or embossed leather. The host kept a generous table, and the food, drawn largely from local woods and rivers, was more varied and particular than the standardised meals of the inns of our own time.

The seventeenth century, which brought the coach, brought a still further increase in the number of inns, and many inns which to-day are historic treasures then opened their doors for the first time. The best of these were originally the private mansions of wealthy merchants of the time.

But our genuine old inns, like old manor houses, have something of all

CORN

PAIN GOES
Corn lifts out



Just one drop of Frozol-Ice on any nagging, burning corn . . . and the pain disappears. The anæsthetic action of Frozol-Ice works that fast every time. Soon the corn begins to shrink and becomes so loose you can lift it out with your fingertips, core and all! Frozol-Ice is the safe, instant-drying treatment that does not affect healthy skin. At all chemists.

FROZOL-ICE

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.
If it's a Clinton-Williams product
it's a good formula



Soothe
TIED BURNING
EYES
after golf or races

A drop of Murine in each eye after a day on the golf links, or on a dusty race track brings amazing relief. Its six extra ingredients completely wash away burning, tiredness and strain.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.
If it's a Clinton-Williams product
it's a good formula



Going Grey?

Sydney Hairdresser reveals
simple home remedy to
darken grey hair

Mr. Len. Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add a box of ORLEX COMPOUND and a little perfume. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

ORLEX Compound

CLINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.
If it's a Clinton-Williams product
it's a good formula

TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY ANNUAL RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

FIRST DAY : SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1945

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945, with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For maiden horses at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE JUVENILE STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945, with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For two-year-old Colts and Geldings. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. FIVE FURLONGS.

THE CARRINGTON STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945; with £1,500 added. Second horse £300, and third horse £150 from the prize. No Apprentices allowance. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1945, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb. as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 7 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945. (Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 26th November, 1945.) SIX FURLONGS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945, with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE.

THE PACE WELTER.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb. ONE MILE.

THE DENMAN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945; with £700 added. Second horse £140 and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

SECOND DAY : TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1946

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 29th December, 1945; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE.

THE NURSERY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 29th December, 1945; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For two-year-old Fillies. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. FIVE FURLONGS.

THE FLYING WELTER.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 29th December, 1945; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. SIX FURLONGS.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, 26th December, 1945; with £1,500 added. Second horse £300, and third horse £150 from the prize. No Apprentices allowance. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1945, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb. as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 7 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 29th December, 1945. (Entries close at 3 p.m. on Monday, 26th November, 1945.) ONE MILE AND A HALF.

THE ENCOURAGE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 29th December, 1945; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden and Novice Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £75. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE ALFRED HILL HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 8.30 o'clock p.m. on Saturday, 29th December, 1945; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb. ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, as follows:—The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup before 3 p.m. on Monday, 26th November, 1945. Minor Events before 3 p.m. on Monday, 17th December, 1945. Nominations shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES: In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared as follows:—For The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup, at 10 a.m., Monday, 10th December, 1945; For Minor Events, First Day, at 7 o'clock p.m., Wednesday, 26th December, 1945; and for Minor Events, Second Day, at 7 o'clock p.m., Saturday, 29th December, 1945.

ACCEPTANCES are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows: For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 8.30 o'clock p.m., Wednesday, 26th December, 1945, and for all Races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 8.30 o'clock p.m., Saturday, 29th December, 1945.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division. Special Weight Races excepted. The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the conditions of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

Nominations for Minor Events close at 3 p.m. on Monday, December 17th, 1945.

periods. Each generation has added a wing here or a floor there, so that often you find a nineteenth-century facade, eighteenth-century bedrooms, a seventeenth-century musicians' gallery, a sixteenth-century yard and outhouses, a fourteenth-century cellar, and a twentieth-century kitchen and dance-floor. And the taste of to-day is not to cover up the work of the dead and gone, but to reveal it, even if it is mid-Victorian or as recent as the nineties.

The first thirty years of the nineteenth century gave the inn its highest time of activity and growth, and its largest tribute of appreciation. Coach travel and post-chaise travel were at their peak. The inns were crowded, and were alive with a warm bustle night and day. New wings were added; stabling was enlarged; post-boys worked in relays through the twenty-four hours; the kitchen fire was never out, and bells were always ringing.

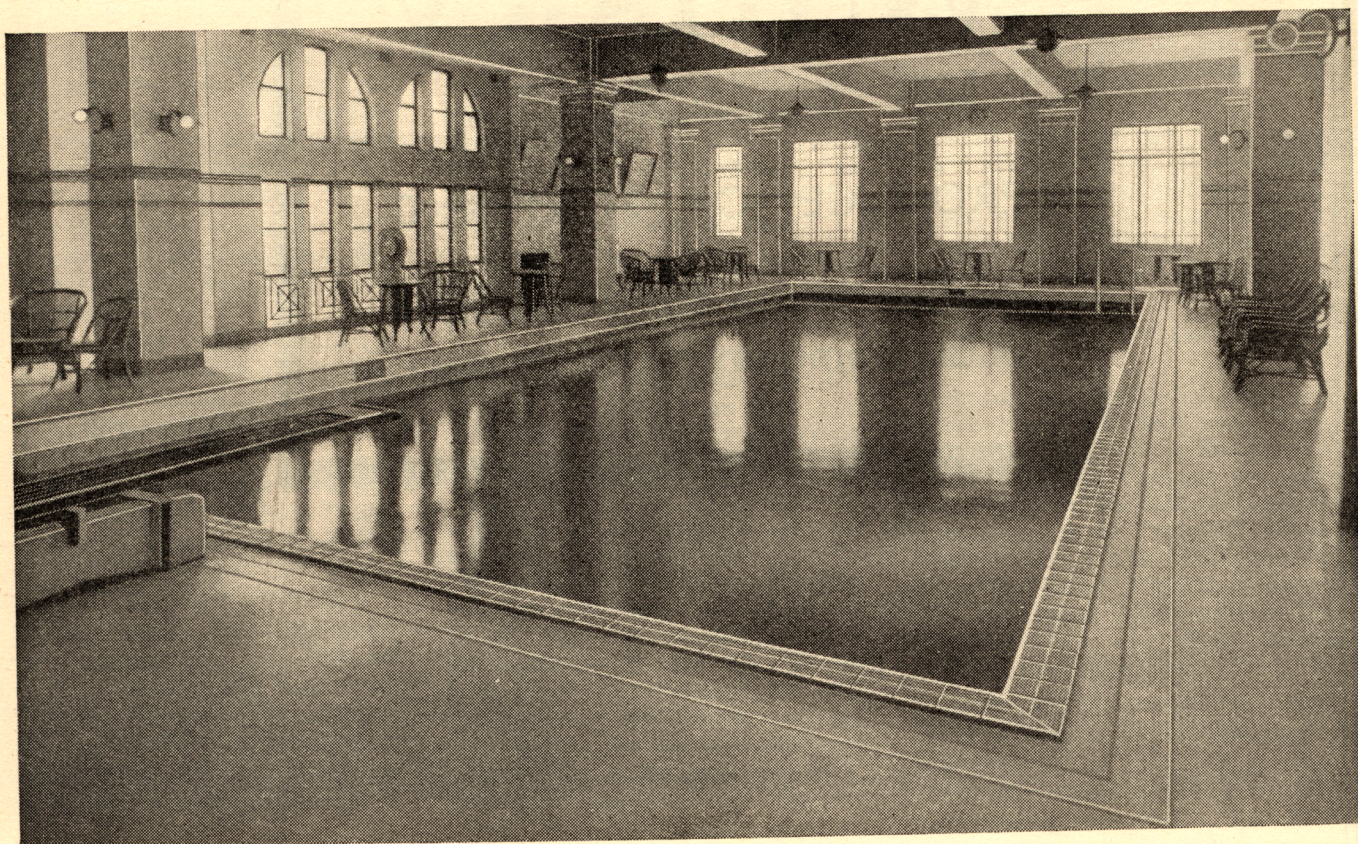
Increase of business brought new customs. Throughout the seven-

teenth and eighteenth centuries the inn had had no common dining-room. Each party dined in a private room, distinguished not by a colourless number but by some fanciful name—The Rose, the Sun, the Fleur-de-Lys. The poorer travellers dined in the kitchen. But with the turn of the century, the Tudor and Stuart custom of a common table was revived for the coach-breakfast and the coach-dinner. Resident guests or those travelling by their own post-chaises still dined in private, but the ordinary traveller took his place at the big dining-room or coffee-room table, and dined on the dishes of the day. The modern custom of one common dining-room set with separate tables did not come into use till mid-Victorian times.

Just when the main-road inn was enjoying such business as it had never before known, and when new inns were being built along the new coach-routes, disaster arrived and all the bustle was stilled, the bright lights extinguished and the warm

rooms occupied by chill. The railway came and brought with it, for hundreds of noble inns, ruin. It made its own road. It touched many towns off the coaching routes, and ignored many of the then prosperous highway-towns. The realist inn-keepers closed their doors and sold up. The hope-against-hopers lingered on and saw their business dwindle and their rooms and stables year by year moulder away. As, in the seventeenth century, to meet the demand for accommodation, many private mansions became inns, so, a hundred years ago, with the withdrawal of the demand, many of the famous Georgian inns became private residences or farm-houses.

But the old inns were not dead, nor the habit of leisurely lingering in them; they were only in a long sleep, and towards the end of the century they awoke. The cycle and the car reopened the road, and the inn was reborn, and with it all those pleasures that belong to it.



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CARRINGTON AND CUP Tattersall's Club's New Year Double

Sydney's Newmarket Handicap, the Carrington Stakes, staged by Tattersall's Club at Randwick on the first day of its New Year Meeting—December 29—will be the right up to standard for speed.

The entry of 48—one more than last year — includes ten-year-old Trimmer, who has become a standing order for this race.

He provides a complete comparison with Civic Pride, who is the smart one of the younger set.

Courtship, who has not yet recovered completely her two-year-old smartness, might be eclipsed by Civic Pride, but three-year-old fillies are not entirely dependable after brilliant two-year-old records.

Trimmer is not the only veteran for Freckles was the first entrant. Freckles, too, has not had his speed dimmed materially by advancing age.

Tea Rose is another notable entry of early class who lost her good form of the first half of last season, when she was the Derby winner. She could come right back in a race like the Carrington Stakes.

Two bookmaker-owners in Mr. Ken Ranger (Cragman) and Mr. W. McDonald (Abbeville) have direct interests.

Trainers with treble chances are H. T. Plant, with Hall Stand, Fine Art and Bernborough, and F. T. Cush, with Gay King, Felbeam and John Halifax.

Tattersall's Cup, as usual, will be the main attraction on New Year's Day, with an abundance of staying talent in the entry of 39 or one more than last year's nomination.

Shining Night and Nightbeam seem to top the list, and there are War Eagle, Swan River, Good Idea, Monmouth, King's Glen and Lady Marie to be included as probables at an early stage.

Summer Cup form is the big factor for Tattersall's Cup, and the two races this year seem to be as decidedly linked up, although there are some certain reservations for Tattersall's race.

PEEPS INTO THE PAST Tatt's Meeting 80 Years Ago There Were Race Cards Then!

Race cards—as apart from race-books—bugbears of turf enthusiasts in days of unrest in the printing industry of 1945, far from being a conception of modern times, are probably as old as the sport which brought them into being.

Striking evidence of their having been in use in the early days of racing in this country is in possession of Tattersall's Club secretary, Mr. T. T. Manning.

It takes the form of a four-page cardboard fund of information, measuring approximately six inches by four inches and the printing on it is typical of the highly attractive work which marked the letterpress of its time.

In the latter respect it compares more than favourably with the substitute "racebooks" of recent months.

As the card in question was for the Randwick meeting conducted by Tattersall's Club on New Year's Day, 1866, it is little wonder it has been mellowed and, to a certain extent, ravaged by passing years.

Nor is it strange Mr. Manning rates particularly high its historic value.

It was only after considerable high-pressure persuasion the 80-year-old link with the past was wheedled from T.T.M.'s possession so this story could be written with some detail and accuracy.

In spite of its smallness, the card contains all the particulars its later day imitator did with the exception of post positions, which if drawn at all, were not worried about in the eighties until race day. Conditions of the races, identifying numbers of the horses, fields, sex and ages, owners, colours and weights are all set out and the squeezing of so much into two pages of the brochure was made possible only by the fact that nominations for four of the seven races totalled only 26 while conditions of the other three allowed for post entrance.

From the "Caxton Race Card" (so called because it was published by authority, by "Caxton", a leading printery of the day) we learn:—

First race was timed to start at 11.30 a.m. and the last at 5.30 p.m. with an hour and a half break for lunch.

Post entrance races were Hack Stakes, of 25 sovs.; Helter Skelter, of 20 sovs., and Consolation Stakes, of 30 sovs., and a condition of the first-named two was "the winner to be sold by auction immediately after the race for £20, any surplus over that sum to go to the fund."

This was also a condition of the Pony Race (for 14-0 and under), for which only Mr. Fletcher's Black Prince, Mr. Martineer's Eucalyptus and Mr. M. H. Keighran's Half Caste were entered.

The Maiden Plate, of 100 sovs., was for all maidens at time of entrance (winners of two-year-old stakes excepted).

Chief events on the programme were O'Brien's Cup, of 100 sovs. given by Tattersall's Club and a trophy valued at 65 sovs. presented by Mr. W. J. O'Brien, Tattersall's Hotel, and Tattersall's Annual Handicap, of 60 sovs.

Distances were 2m. and 1½m., respectively.

Among entertainments racegoers could choose from the card advertising to while away the New Year's Night were Lady Don and the Leopold Family in The Great Christmas Pantomime, at the Prince of Wales Opera House, Christy's Minstrels at the New Royal Victoria Theatre, The Lancashire Bell-ringers at the School of Arts, and Mme. Sohier's Wax Works Exhibition.

Total added money, including value of trophy, for the 1866 meeting was £420.

For the fixture arranged for the forthcoming New Year's Day Tattersall's Club has allotted £5000 which, of course, will be augmented in the event of a race having to be divided.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Lord Rosebery's warning on insinuation, while chiefly an excursion into the scientific, reads like a commonsense utterance. The English are notoriously conservative in many things, and are prone often to dismiss departure from orthodox practice as "new-fangled"; but the English do know a good deal about horse-breeding, and Australians would be wise to take heed of such as Lord Rosebery. Australians needn't necessarily adopt his views because they are his views, but they should pay tribute to sincerity when, as in this instance, it is allied with experience.

So far as racehorses in general go, well-bred or otherwise, and judged on performance, I incline to the opinion expressed by the late Sir Colin Stephen: "As to the talk of pulling horses, my view is that most horses need more pushing than pulling."

So many so-called "reversals of form" which the mob regards in a

sinister light are often to be accounted for by the simple explanation that racehorses are not machines. Unreliability is related to constitutional causes which the best of trainers cannot always control—that, at any rate, is as a layman sees it.

* * *

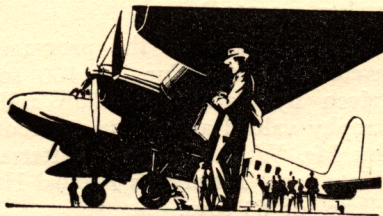
Liquid Lunch, a racehorse, is causing a lot of headaches among the boys who spend their early mornings with field glasses clocking track trials from outside the fence at Belmont racecourse, wrote Sydney "Daily Telegraph's" New York correspondent. For a long time they could not make things out. Liquid Lunch would come out of his stable unbridled and unsaddled, and take his place in the starting box, awaiting a signal from his trainer, Jules Wessler. At a nod he would take off, do a fast six furlongs, and walk back to the stables without waiting for Wessler to catch up. It doesn't help much to clock a horse without a rider, but that's the way Liquid Lunch does it. He refuses to allow a jockey to mount him for trials. In a race, however, Liquid Lunch

bows to racing rules and allows a jockey to handle the race. They say in town that Milton Berle has perfected a special kind of tipping sheet for Liquid Lunch backers. It opens out into a pair of paper pants to give the bettor something to go home in.

* * *

Claims that title of most accurate first-class fast bowler be awarded to Tom Richardson are substantiated by examination of records. Of the regular fast bowlers, Richardson hit the stumps more often than any other, 53 of his 88 victims in Tests being bowled, plus three l.b.w. decisions. At Lords in 1896 he and Lohmann, bowling unchanged, dismissed Australia for 53. Richardson got 6 for 39, all clean bowled. In the second innings he took 5 for 134, and followed this with 7 for 168 and 6 for 76 in the next Test.

This latter performance almost won a wonderful game for England. Australia scored 412, to which England replied with 231 and 305, leaving Australia 125 to win. Richardson, bowling like a man inspired



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for over three hours without a spell, pelted down 42 overs to have Australia 7 for 101, but a dropped catch frustrated his efforts. In his last Test at Sydney in 1898 he took 8 for 94 in a first-innings total of 239.

Among the Australian bowlers, Spofforth hit the stumps on 51 occasions for his 94 wickets, but he was not a regular fast bowler all his career. Ernest Jones, of the regulars, has the best record, 36 of his 60 wickets being bowled.—"The Bulletin."

* * *

Royal Reminiscence.

Receptions of notables aboard British battleships in Sydney recently reminded me of a frosty ceremony in other years. On the quarter-deck of H.M.A.S. Australia, during the visit of the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) to Melbourne, the late Admiral Dumaresq figured in a comedy reminiscent of Sir Joseph Porter aboard the Pinafore at the mawkish moment of his rejection by Josephine. A Royal Guard of Honour had been drawn up under a gunnery lieutenant with a fighting jaw and a naval sense of duty that have inspired many a jingo chantey and music-hall ballad.

The Chief Justice of Victoria happened to be acting as Governor. All might have been well in subsequent proceedings had he happened

to have been other than "Iceberg" Irvine, the last word, officially, in formal frigidity, and an austere sense of etiquette. He came aboard by special launch in his Windsor uniform, and was received by Admiral Dumaresq in frozen silence. The band was mute, and the Guard stood motionless as a row of miniature Sphinxes.

The look on the stern face of his Excellency indicated one thing to the Admiral—that the King's representative considered that he had been slighted. Anyhow, Dumaresq took it that way, and, turning on the Officer of the Guard, commenced to instruct him in real sailor language. Rejoined the officer—"Sir, this is a Royal Guard of Honour, and a Royal Guard of Honour only salutes Royalty, or to that effect.

Dumaresq realised that his officer was correctly naval—probably he knew previously, but the frozen features of the King's representative demanded that the Admiral put the telescope to his blind eye. "Well, play anything," he said. The band struck up, not the National Anthem, but a chantey, while Irvine and the Admiral with his officers gravely stood to attention. The Royal Guard of Honour remained set at the Sphinx, but the situation had been relieved, honour had been satisfied, and the blithe Admiral walked down the deck muttering, "Damme."

JACK TOOHEY TO-DAY

In 1929 one of Australia's greatest jockeys, Jack Toohey, rode the most thrilling race of his career to win the Doncaster on Karuma. He was a sick man—and Karuma was his last mount.

At his home at Gynea (near Cronulla) recently Toohey told stories of his famous mounts. He revived memories of Manfred, Limerick, Whittier and his hard rides on Tibbie and Bacchus.

Harvest King's Australian Cup, Winalot's Sydney Cup, and Toohey's successive Doncasters on Speciality, Julia Grey and The Epicure were recalled.

"Amounis was the greatest and gamest horse I rode, and Jimmy Munro was the best all-round jockey I rode against," Jack declared.

Toohey rode more than 1000 winners; headed the winning jockeys' list for five seasons; and rode the programme at Rosehill (May 12, 1923), but seldom goes to the races nowadays.

Toohey's greatest disappointment was Murray King's 200 to 1 Sydney Cup win in 1926.

"I was on Caserta and at the post looked across and thought I won by a quarter of a length," he said.

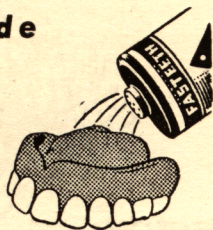
Jack, now 45, has been a sick man since his retirement, and takes things quietly with his wife and children on his three-acre property.

His father, Peter, was once bantam boxing champion of Australia. —"Daily Mirror."

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Colinated Foam Shampoo

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KING CRICKET COMES BACK TO HIS OWN

King Cricket has come into his own with a vengeance. We have already had interstate matches, and have found some weaknesses which selectors have been quick to rectify. But, main reason for this article is to deal with big hitting.

Just what is the biggest hit ever known in cricket will be argued until the end of time.

The writer of this effusion declares, with all possible emphasis, that the biggest hit ever was that by Percy Arnott (of biscuit fame) on Sydney Cricket Ground No. 2, during practice in the 1920's.

Writer (unfortunately) was the bowler, and Arnott hit the ball from one side of the ground over the fence at straight hit!

The distance was never measured, but 200 yards would not be exaggeration. Some bowler!

All this is prompted by the performance of Keith Miller, a member of Lindsay Hassett's tourists in England, who have just completed a tour of India.

At Lords (the holy of holies in cricket) Keith placed himself among the immortals of cricket by landing one ball into a tower of the pavilion at Lords.

Oldtimers say it was the highest hit ever made on the ground made famous in yesteryear by Tom Lord, who owned the paddock (on which practically all the early important matches were played).

Just whether it bettered the Arnott effort will never be known because the ball did not lodge.

Away back in 1899 the late Albert Trott hit M. A. Noble over the same pavilion, but for distance and length combined, Miller's effort is entitled to go on the records.

Thornton, of England, when 19 years of age, smote a ball which sailed right over the old pavilion, and is credited with 162 yards on a surveyor's measurement. He was, later, credited with 168 yards unofficially.

Wisden's (the cricket fans' bible) states that in 1856 the Rev. W. Fellows, while at practice at Oxford, drove a ball from bowler Rogers 175 yards from bat to pitch. On another occasion he drove a ball at Scarborough over a four-storied house into Trafalgar Square. Humour was lent to the situation when his wife asked if the game had been played at Lords or the Oval, which are many miles apart!

Round about that time there was a blonde cricketer named Burley, who once hit a ball from Dr. W. G. Grace so high that the batsmen had time to run two runs before it came down to Mother Earth.

In 1882 George Bonner, batting for Australia, smashed a sight screen by consistently bashing the ball in to it.

After he left the hard-hitting sphere his place was taken by Lyons and Gilbert Jessop, who came to Australia with Archie Maclaren in 1902.

Jessop's greatest feat of fast scoring (as distinct from long or big hitting) was in the Gentlemen v. South of England game in 1907. He scored the first 50 in 24min, 100 in 42min., and 150 in 63min. by cracking five sixers and 30 fours.

That reminds me that the best run ever of fourers hit was by E. Alletson for Notts against Brighton in 1911. In a tally of 189 in 90 minutes he clouted eight sixes, 23 fours, four threes, 10 twos and 71 singles. He took an hour to make his first 50 and 5 minutes each to make the next half-century and the remaining 89.

In 1920 Percy Fender (who came here with the side led by Johnny Douglas a year later) went berserk against Northampton and scored 113 (five sixers and 16 fours) in 42 minutes).

There was also the occasion when the late "Jock" Cameron, while captain of South Africa, started to deal with Hedley Verity in a Test match.

That was in 1935, and caused universal laughter among cricket fans when Patsy Hendren told Verity he was to be congratulated—that he had Cameron between two minds, as he didn't know whether to hit him for four or six off every ball!

So much for Englishmen. We also have our classics in Australia and even Sydney cricket.

To settle any possible argument, when Keith Miller's hitting a ball into one of the towers at Lords is brought up, it can be stated definitely that the clock in the Members' Stand at Sydney Cricket Ground has never been hit by a ball.

In the old stand in bygone days, when the clock was much lower, it was hit. That happening had caused many an argument since.

As far as big hitting goes, what about the performance of J. G. Moyes playing for Gordon against Cumberland in 1920? He scored 231 runs in 83 minutes and made a habit of hitting the ball over the train lines at Chatswood, where the game was played. Some of those hits, if measured, might easily have given all previous records a rattle.

Then there was that glorious 335 by Victor Trumper on Redfern Oval in 1902. He hit 25 fives (there were no sixes in those days), and one clout broke a window in John Hunter's factory situate on the other side of the road from the oval.

Charlie Macartney once hit a ball to square leg and over the "bob stand" pavilion at S.C.G. into the Showground.

Yes! We've seen some big hitters and enjoyed them. But, they don't do those things these days. The coaches have got busy with "that really isn't done" sort of stuff. More's the pity. There's a big hand waiting for the batsman capable of bringing the old thrills back into the game.

THE KINGDOM OF THE HORSE

No words are being wasted and no punches pulled in a drive for greater recognition of racing in California, U.S.A.

Racing interests of the western State decline to accept any dictation and broadcast their adopted slogan of "Upon the turf and beneath the turf all men are equal."

The summer edition of the "Golden State Breeder," the official organ of the Golden State Breeders' Association, is a publication which is something of an eye-opener. Published in Hollywood, it has the glamour pictures which could be expected from such an origin in the reading matter is forthright to the last degree.

First claim, and one which could be urged on racing interests everywhere, is the need for unanimity.

In a contribution, an American expert says: "Unity is needed in the thoroughbred industry if racing is to live."

He adds: "It is regrettable that, while some of the factors of racing did organise in the face of trouble now, they tend to choose sides. Continued cross-purposes and selfishness between groups can only doom racing to a "up like a rocket down like a stick existence."

Main cause for concern in the "Golden State" or on the Pacific Coast, apparently is that there are only six tracks against 13 in the mid-west and 14 on the Atlantic Coast.

Apparently the boys of the Golden State do not want any days from the other sections, but they consider they could have more days, more tracks, more racing, and more fun. This seems to be in accord with a Hollywood angle, but the race-folk are in deadly earnest.

That there is a maggot somewhere eating into the racing front is shown by the editorial, which says: "That the operation of another track in Los Angeles would cause a purse reduction is pure unadulterated poppy-cock. It seems absurd

that a handful of commercially-minded and opiated individuals could feel capable of guiding the destiny of racing in California."

Australians should not be deluded into thinking there is a dearth of racing on the Golden Coast, for the calendar shows 40 days at Del Mar, 34 days at Hollywood Park, 47 days at Bay Meadows, 53 days at Longacres, and 24 days at Planfair. These are straight sessions, and exclude Sundays, but Ti Juana in Mexico, just over the border, makes up with a laconic "Every Sunday."

Money seems to be no object, and Thumbs Up credited his owner with more than 82,000 dollars when he won this year's Santa Anita Handicap narrowly from Texas Sandman and the Mexican champion, Gay Dalton, who finished best of all.

Record figures for Santa Anita were 76,000, established just prior to the big handicap day, when the enclosures, however, seemed to be filled to overflowing.

Features of the big days were jockeys being flown from the Eastern States to win some of the big prizes.

Air strips on the major courses and provision for the landing of air transport of racehorses also are on the schedules.

Not only are the thoroughbreds being kept right in view, but the harness horses, pacers and trotters have returned after a four-years' absence.

They were victims of the war, and one of the first to come under the ban.

Owners and breeders of the light harness horses have kept the farms going, and claim there are more standard breeds available than in 1940, when the curtain fell.

The Stockton track, one of the fastest pieces of earth, also is in condition for any horse good enough to step a mile in two minutes.

Well-known Australian Snowy Baker contributes his share of boost for polo, and the Riviera Country Club at Los Angeles provided an average of more than three games a week during the lean years.

The "Golden State Breeder" covers the horse and his activities so thoroughly that from the classics to the shows, the polo ponies, and the trotters, the breeders are determined to make the public sit up and take notice.

RACING FIXTURES

1945

DECEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 1st
 Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 8th
 Sydney Turf Club Saturday, 15th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 22nd
 A.J.C. Wednesday, 26th
 Tattersall's Club Saturday, 29th
 Tattersall's Club,
 Tuesday, 1st January, 1946



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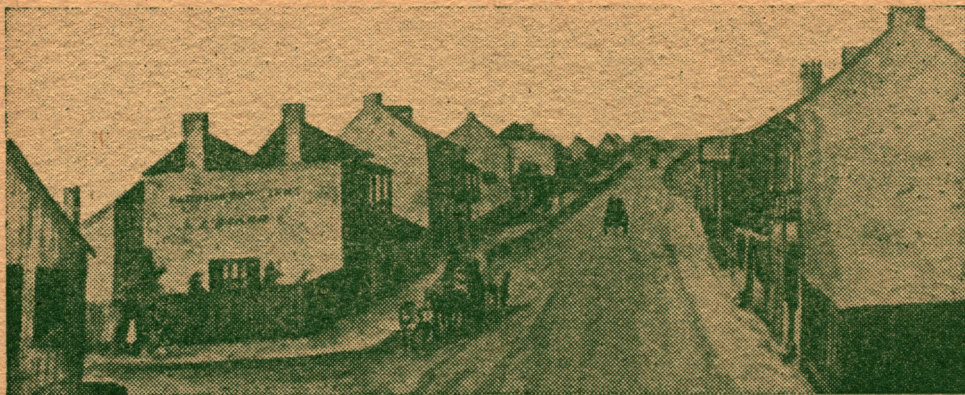
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THE OLD SOUTH HEAD ROAD

THE roads that vein a country are sometimes the most interesting of its sights. They speak of its prosperity or adversity equally with its picturesqueness and charm. The life of a road has ever been full of fascination—today it is from its essentially human character; of old it was for its pageant and flash of exciting episode.

It was a great statesman who said that the three wants of a new country are "Firstly, roads; secondly, more roads; thirdly, more roads still." That, in the broader view of Australia, is still true today, and this story is of a road full of associations—a road from the city along the ridges to the very entrance of the harbour—the name bespeaks its genesis, "The Old South Head Road".

About the year 1793 two convicts, carrying out their duty of cutting rushes, were found speared by blacks on the marshy edge of a small bay about 2½ miles from the colony, reached by a rough foot track. That barely defined track to Rushcutters Bay was in reality the beginning of the Old South Head Road for, in the year 1793, a grant of land was made to Commissary John Palmer, which area he, in keeping with the spirit of the times, fenced off, effectively blocking the track. The early colonists were, therefore, obliged to find some other way of getting to Rushcutters Bay and the South Head area, and so, from that first vague and ill-defined beginning arose the street which was first called Old South Head Road and portion of which later became Oxford Street.

Matters drifted on until 1803 with only an uncertain goat-track linking up Sydney with the wild area towards South Head. Then came some hint of progress, when Dr. Harris was commissioned to arrange for the making of a road from Hyde Park to South Head for a contract price of £100. Quite definitely the cost of wages and material have increased since those days!

The job which was carried out under the supervision of Captain Taylor was, however, regarded as a failure and Dr. Harris is said to have lost £80 on the contract. Incidentally it is believed that the sandy nature of the country as far as the present Oxford Street was regarded as the main cause of difficulty in constructing the road.

Then, in 1811, Governor Lachlan Macquarie—the Builder—detailed 21 soldiers of His Majesty's 73rd Regiment to form a military road from the hamlet of Sydney to South Head.

As a lasting record of their successful endeavours a small obelisk was erected and which now stands on the Watson's Bay waterfront. It reads, "This road, made by subscription, was completed in 10 weeks on 25th March, 1811, by 21 soldiers of His Majesty's 73rd Regiment".

This is what the "Sydney Gazette" of the time had to say about the new road: "The new road to South Head promises, when finished, to become a fashionable resort from the accommodation it will afford to carriages, which heretofore could not possibly pass without extreme difficulty and danger".

A toll-gate was erected on the newly-made road and a Government order in 1813 announced that the road leading to South Head from Sydney was much cut up by carts, waggons, etc., taking that route to avoid the toll in George Street. The order stated that on and after March 15th, 1813, drivers of these vehicles would be required to pass through a turnpike and pay a toll.

This toll-gate was situated on the boundary of Mr. W. Palmer's land at the south-eastern extremity of Hyde Park.

In 1816 Governor Macquarie caused to be built the first lighthouse on the site of the present Signal Station. This brought more traffic to the route and by 1820 it was necessary to re-build the road. In the press of the day the following statement appeared: "The new road to South Head conducted by the Chief Engineer, Major Druitt, offers to the former road a contrast which can scarcely find its parallel. The former road was certainly a very great improvement on its predecessor; the present road is not encumbered with sand, being well covered with an excellent hard gravel."

Despite these flattering remarks the new road did not achieve the prophesied success so that in 1831 those commercial pioneers—Daniel Cooper and Solomon Levy—placed a proposition before the Government of the day by which yet another road-planning project was born and which eventually proved the genesis of the New and Old South Head Roads today.

It is hardly credible now that in the earlier part of the last century the present Oxford Street had its uses as a race track, and that for many years there was but one solitary residence near the Darlinghurst intersection of today, although by the 1830's others found the courage to build "in the wilderness".

The new road was planned to start from about the centre of Hyde

Park and connect with South Head Road near the sixth milestone, and so the old and new routes met at the South Head cemetery, just as they do now.

The new South Head Road was properly laid down in 1832 under the control of the Surveyor-General, Sir Thomas Mitchell. It prolonged Park Street and formed the William Street of today. In 1833, at the corner of what is now Begg Lane, there stood a large house called "Juniper Hall", the residence of the then Attorney-General, Dr. Kinchela. This was afterwards re-named "Ormond House". At the foot of what was later named Cascade Street (from the fact that there were waterfalls in its vicinity) was Underwood's Distillery, and turning in a north-easterly direction the road then stretched to Point Piper where, 3½ miles from Sydney, were some gardens, known as "Levy's Gardens."

A track led up a hill—Bellevue Hill today—on which stood "Levy's Tower"—an octagonal obelisk—a favoured spot for viewing the magnificent panorama of the harbour.

Many of our early statesmen and notable pioneers lived out along the old South Head

Road. This historic artery came under the care of a Trust in 1848, the names of the members of which sound like a roll-call of our historically important:—W. C. Wentworth, Robert Lowe, V. Dumaresq, T. W. Smart, Daniel Cooper and W. Wallis. The last trustees were C. K. Mackellar, G. B. Simpson, T. Buckland, J. Macpherson, T. H. Kelly, C. Hellmrich, J. Hill, M. A. Black and A. Burnett.

The original subsidy allowed by the Trust for the maintenance of the road was a mere £350 per year, in addition to the amount collected by tolls. Incidentally, a toll-bar was still in existence at Hopewell Street in the year 1869!

The Trust later was dissolved and the work of keeping the road in fit and proper condition undertaken by the Government of the time, and still later by the Councils concerned.

A contract dated 18th February, 1848 makes interesting reading: "I, James Arthurs of Botany Bay, hereby tender to make the old South Head Road from the boundary stone to Campbell's fence, including the drain, as per specification, for the sum of £46.11.— . . . from Hough's Hill to the bridge on the other side of Waverley House for the sum of £200 . . . from Campbell's fence to the Paddington Hotel, fill up holes, cart gravel etc., for the sum of £70 . . ."

The Victoria Barracks created a great deal of traffic and beyond this spot there sprang up many hundreds of small houses—forerunners of our present populous Eastern Suburbs.

When the Trust finally abandoned control of all sections of the road and the abolition of tolls meant rates and taxes, as is not unusual everybody used the road but nobody wanted to pay for it.

The first public transport was privately owned horse omnibuses, then came the clangour of the early trams. Quickly the old homes disappeared, to be replaced eventually by the teeming red roofs of this later age.

And so, a track of adventure little over a century and a half ago has become the thoroughfare for hundreds of thousands; so has a woodcutters' track winding over ridges of loneliness become the grimly utilitarian route of today.

Yet an old road is ever rich in history, and the Old South Head Road is linked by strong bonds to the past, for of the many tracks that twist and turn out of Sydney none have been more greatly associated with the colourful personalities of many great public men.

William Charles Wentworth and John Robertson in their connections with Vaucluse and Watson's Bay, and such noted pioneers as William Bede Dalley, Judge Cheeke, James White, John Fairfax and William Dangar are among those who have left "footprints on the sands of time". They, among other noted colonists, pioneered the road and created a tradition for the generation who followed in their wake.



Sir Thomas Mitchell.

THE RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES